No. 369

FINE COPY

Ex Libris

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

The Olive Percival
Collection of
Children's Books

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Mary Caroline Dawson

The gift of her Uncle on

her Birthday Aug.st 26.th 1816

MY BIRD AND MY DOG.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

Some vicious boys had one day tied an old kettle to the tail of the poor animal.

See page 61.

My Bird and my Dog.

A

TALE FOR YOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER, IDIOT HEIRESS, &c.

While as infants you yet sported at my knee, I perceived that the mind of man, brought forth in sin, like the earth cursed by the Almighty, requires cultivation, and that the utmost vigilance and care are necessary to train it in the paths of virtue. GESSNER.

London:

Printed at the Minerva Press for

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1816.

My Bird and my Dog.

MY BIRD.

CHAP. I.

"YOU have often promised, mamma, to give us the history of our pretty goldfinch; I wish you would indulge us, now that we are all together," said Caroline Fitzallan one evening to her mother. "We have read all the books which papa brought

us down; and you assured us that you would get your story ready by that time."

"Do pray, mamma," cried Charlotte and Henry, with looks of eager expectation.

"I would most willingly oblige you, my children," said Mrs. Fitzallan; "but we must first know whether it is agreeable to your father; you should consider that while you are seeking your own gratification, you may unintentionally tire others. Subjects adapted to your comprehension and taste are of too trifling a nature to interest persons of a more mature age."

Caroline cast her eyes down at this mild

mild rebuke, and her ever-indulgent parent, perceiving her disappointment, said, with a fond smile—"Whatever amuses my children must interest me; so pray, my dear, begin your tale as soon as you please."

A grateful kiss from each of his blooming infants was the reward of his kindness; and the little party drew nearer to the fire, with looks of pleasing impatience.

Caroline took out her netting; Charlotte busied herself in colouring pictures for her brother's kite; and little Henry climbing on his father's knee, rested his face on his bosom, and listened with silent attention, while Mrs. Fitzallan drew from her

desk

desk the following little manuscript, and immediately read to them

THE HISTORY OF MY BIRD,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"When my eyes first opened to the light, I found myself, with three other unfledged goldfinches, comfortably lodged in a warm nest. A fond parent sat watching over us with anxious solicitude; and her joy, at seeing her callow offspring safely released from the confinement of the shell, was expressed in lively chirping notes; her beautifully-painted wings were expanded with rapturous

rous haste, and, heedless of our timid complaints, she flew from us; but her absence was short; she soon returned, and evinced her maternal care, by bringing us such food as suited our delicate state, and which we were unable to procure for ourselves. This she repeated till we were satisfied; then perching on a bough above us, she shook her plumage with exultation, and poured forth a strain of heartfelt delight.

"The tree in which my mother had built our nest grew near a farmhouse, the windows of which overlooked the orchard, whose tempting fruit had attracted innumerable feathered tenants. A young lady from town,

town, who was on a visit to the farmer's daughter, had often expressed a wish to have a goldfinch; and her friend, who happened to be rambling with her through the orchard, at that moment looking up, exclaimed—'You shall soon have a bird now, Eliza; for I believe a goldfinch has just hatched some young in this tree, and I will tell one of our men to watch it: when they are fledged you shall have the finest.'

'But would it not be an act of cruelty to take them from their mother?' asked Eliza, her eyes filling with tears of sensibility.

"Fanny, though naturally compassionate, was more accustomed to such

such things, and considered them with indifference; she therefore replied—'Not cruel in the least, Eliza; you will be very fond of it, and use it well; then where can be the harm? If you do not take it, some mischievous boy may find the nest, and perhaps torture them all to death; and as to the old bird, she will soon forget them, and make a new nest.'

'I am not exactly of your opinion,' said Eliza; 'it does not justify me in my own eyes to be cruel, because another may have the power to be more so; for you know, my dear Fanny, I might as well wantonly crush this poor insect beneath my

my foot, and say, it is no matter—the next who passes this way will do it, if I do not; but that would be very barbarous of me, you must allow.'

'Why indeed that is very true,' replied Fanny; 'and I am sure I would not willingly be guilty of any act of barbarity; but you may as well have one of these birds as any other, for I know Dick has watched them here; and as he considers them his property, he will dispose of them to people who are not quite so scrupulous.'

'If that is the case,' said Eliza, 'I will certainly have one at least; and I will

I will teach it such sweet tunes, that you will be quite delighted when you come to see me in town.'

"In this instance, Eliza certainly suffered self-gratification to triumph over the dictates of native benevolence. The simplest sophistry has too often the power to lull the suggestions of virtue; and that very night our mossy bed was torn from the supporting branch by the hand of an unpitying rustic, and placed within a beautiful, brass-wired cage. We beheld the transition with wonder and alarm. The splendour of the change dazzled our eyes; but we knew that our newly-acquired gran-

deur robbed us of life's sweetest blessing—liberty.

" A heavy shower of rain brought our fond parent home, in the hope of affording shelter to her callow brood. Our feeble voices were raised to implore her succour, for the wet flowed in upon us, and we shivered with the uncomfortable sensations it occasioned. Perceiving our situation, our tender mother uttered a shrill cry of despair. She flew round and round the cage, in the vain attempt of forcing an entrance. She pecked the wire with her bill, and beat against it with her downy breast. Ah! who can conceive the anguish of

of her little throbbing heart, at thus finding herself robbed of her darling treasure! She passed the whole night in mournful lamentations, nor ventured to quit us till our piercing cries for food rung in her ears, and roused her from the stupor of grief into which she had fallen.

" Arduous was her task to supply us with sufficient nutrition; for the little morsels she dropped at random into the cage, we were too feeble to search for, and it cost her many weary journeys before the cravings of our hunger could be satisfied. How little do children think of the vast debt of gratitude they owe to their parents for their assiduous cares

during their infant years of helplessness! how, in hours of want or sickness, the fond afflicted parent robs herself of rest, of food, of health, or of pleasure, to administer to the wants of her offspring! Oh youth! whilst thy heart is yet warm with the glow of compassion at this picture of animal distress, call to remembrance, if thou hast ever, by stubborn or undutiful conduct, given a pang to that maternal breast which fostered thee with such care and tenderness—if thou hast been guilty of such indiscretion in an unguarded moment, resolve not to transgress again; think what thy mother hath endured for thee, and let thy virtues

prove

prove the sweet reward of her love and solicitude.

"Five tedious days passed on in this manner. Our strength increased, and the growth of our feathers enabled our persecutor to distinguish the male from the female. Being a stout and lively bird, I was chosen from the rest. The other four, happening to prove hens, were suffered to fly; and the joy of our parent at seeing her young ones restored to liberty prevented her from perceiving that I was doomed to captivity and sorrow.

"I was removed, in my splendid prison, to the farmhouse parlour, where I remained several days, in a

state of terror and distress that can hardly be imagined, which gave the gentle Eliza apprehensions that I could not live. Every kind attention in her power to bestow was afforded me: the utmost care was taken that I should not be exposed to the inclemency of the weather, that my habitation should be kept free from dirt, and my food such as would agree with me. I was not insensible to this kindness; but I panted for freedom, and with my tender bill strove to remove the bars which impeded my flight.

"Finding all my strength ineffectual, I fell into a state of sullen melancholy, which my tender mistress endeavoured

endeavoured to dissipate by music and sweet songs. She was at length successful. Habit reconciled me to my situation; and finding it impossible to escape, I resolved to enjoy the good that was not withheld from me. Repinings would avail but little; patience and cheerfulness would, I knew, endear me to those who had power over me; and I was not without a hope that it would induce them to allow me still greater indulgencies. When once I had formed this resolution, I found my health and spirits daily improving; and I endeavoured to testify my gratitude for every little kindness I experienced by lively strains.

"I was

"I was soon praised and admired by every visitor, and became acquainted with every guest. I became tame and tractable, and soon found a source of amusement in all the little domestic transactions of the inhabitants of the farm.

"The family party consisted of Mr. Somers, as worthy a man as ever lived, his wife, Francis and Fanny, their children, Miss Fitzallan and her brother, who were visitors, and who I found were shortly to be more closely connected by the union of Eliza with Francis Somers. Never was there presented a more perfect picture of domestic felicity than afforded by this amiable family. The

father

father was a man of good understanding and agreeable manners, industrious, sober, and assiduous in implanting principles of rectitude in the minds of his children, whose dispositions were truly amiable. Miss Fitzallan was handsome, lively, and accomplished; her brother, a youth of spirit and prepossessing appearance; and their presence at the farm gave animation to industry, by the amusements they afforded in the hours of relaxation.

"Eliza had brought down a guitar, on which she played every evening, when Somers returned with his son from the fields. After a few pleasing tunes, forfeits, or some agreeable

able pastime, were introduced, and the evening passed delightfully away. Sometimes Eliza would divert them with enigmas and charades, one of which I think I can remember: it was addressed to Francis, and was as follows."

"I beg your pardon, mamma, but pray," said Caroline to Mrs. Fitzallan, "what is the meaning of a charade?"

"It is, my dear, a sort of riddle, formed upon a word of two syllables, each of which must convey a separate sense: thus we can make a charade of *house-dog*, while it would be impossible to form one on the word *kind-ness*, as the latter conveys no meaning

meaning without being joined to the former."

"I understand you, mamma," replied Caroline; "please to let us hear Miss Fitzallan's charade."

CHARADE.

"Take a coarse kind of corn, which makes bread for the poor,
Then add that which you've oft help'd me over;
Join these aptly together, and you will be sure
An old borough town to discover,
To which every summer I gladly repair,
For friends kind and generous I ever found there."

"I think the first must be oats," said Charlotte.

"Ay,

" Ay, that is a coarse kind of grain," replied Caroline; " but what town begins with that syllable?"

Mrs. Fitzallan smiled.

" I will give you ten minutes to guess," said she; " after which we will go to supper."

The ten minutes soon passed away, during which they puzzled themselves in vain; after which she satisfied their anxious inquiries, by shewing them the word *Rye-gate*. Each wondered that they had not guessed what was so very plain, and they retired to bed, highly entertained with what they had heard, Caroline protesting she would get a book of enigmas and charades with the very first

first shilling she could obtain from her papa.

CHAP. II.

A mild and sweet-tempered old man or woman, whose mind is rather chaste than severe, and whose manners are discreet rather than grave, is the most graceful ornament which humanity can boast, and the most effectual agent which virtue can employ. ROUSSEAU.

THE next evening, after each had completed the domestic occupation of the day, Mrs. Fitzallan, in compliance with the desire of her young family, resumed the history of the goldfinch.

"The

"The cheerful and hospitable disposition of Farmer Somers led him to give readily into any little plan for the amusement of the youthful party, who, far from feeling his presence a restraint on their pleasures, were never so happy as when, collected around him, they could make him umpire of their debates, or participator of their amusements. Unlike the austere parent, whose brows are ever contracted with a frown, and whose step, when heard, is sufficient to strike terror into the minds of his children, if their faults required correction, Mr. Somers possessed the happy art of reproving with such gentle arguments as proved

superior judgment without wounding affection, and entered with spirit into all their trifling pastimes.

"As the birthday of Fanny drew near, the indulgent Somers promised them a rural jubilee, and the farm soon became a scene of pleasing bustle. The residence of this happy family was a neat brick dwelling-house, built in a modern style, the barns and outhouses detached so as not to spoil the appearance of the building, which was much improved by sash-windows, and the elevation of a flight of steps, which were ornamented on each side by flower-pots, containing a variety of blooming plants; a grass-plot and border, with a nice

a nice gravel-path; graced the front of the house, round which the fragrant jessamine grew in wild luxuriance. On the green, tables were spread for the rustic guests, who were to be indulged that day with extra good cheer, and unrestrained licence to do as they pleased—a privilege which they had too much regard for their master and his family to abuse.

" The willing hands of Fanny prepared the dainties, Mr. Somers having previously taken care that the robust appetite should be first satisfied with excellent, substantial food. Each honest peasant had the

girl of his heart beside him; and their heartfelt glee, which, though expressed in the unpolished accents of simple nature, communicated a glow of pleasure to every spectator. A pipe and tabor was not forgotten; and Somers, inspired by the surrounding gaiety, drew his violin from the case wherein it had been buried for many years, and delighted them with scientific sounds of merriment, while, dropping the master for the obliging host, he instructed them in the intricate figure of the mazy dance, which was led off by Miss Fitzallan and young Somers, succeeded by Fanny and a neighbouring

bouring farmer's son, who had recently solicited her father's permission to address her. They continued this diversion with spirit, till the rising moon gave notice that the hour of rest drew nigh, and a signal was given by Mrs. Somers that supper was ready.

'We must husband our pleasures, my children,' said the farmer; 'in the sports of to-day we must not forget the duties of to-morrow; the grass is already damp, and even in the midst of revelling, disease may punish us, if we neglect the admonitions of prudence. Let us adjourn to the house, and after devoting a

few

few hours more to pastimes, which we may with safety indulge, retire to rest, satisfied with the amusements of the day, and rise in the morning, able and willing to pursue our allotted labour.'

"This hint was sufficient. Each led his willing fair one to the supper-table; and the jest, the laugh, and merry tale, went round. The health of the lovely Fanny and the benevolent host was drank with repeated cheers; and upon Miss Fitzallan being solicited to sing, she, without any affectation, gave the following song, composed by herself for the occasion:—

TUNE—

TUNE—*By this Fountain's flowery side.* ROSINA.

" Happy in our native plains,
Pure content is still our own;
Courtly cares and envy's pains
Long to us shall be unknown.
Let the sprightly tabor sound,
Let the merry bells ring round;
Cheerful hearts and spirits gay,
Bless sweet Fanny's natal day.
Chorus—Let the sprightly, &c.

" What is fashion's gilded state?
Idle pomp and tinsel glare.
Can they Nature's charms o'errate?
Can they with her joys compare?
Let the sportive jest be ours,
Let us cull life's choicest flowers;
Mirth is ours and spirits gay,
On sweet Fanny's natal day.
Chorus—Let the sportive, &c.

" When

"When the happy favour'd youth
To the altar leads the fair,
Plighting there his love and truth,
May each blessing be their share!
Broach the heart-enlivening ale,
Nought but joy shall here prevail;
Cheerful hearts and spirits gay,
Bless sweet Fanny's natal day.
Chorus—Broach the heart, &c."

"The old man, filled with glee, joined in the chorus; and his example was eagerly followed by the honest rustics, whose coarse voices and uncouth accents formed a most comical melody, and afforded infinite amusement to the more polished guests, among whom it may be necessary to mention a young lady, the daughter

daughter of Sir George Norbury, of whom Somers rented the farm. An attachment had subsisted for several years between young Fitzallan and Miss Norbury, which has since been crowned with a happy marriage."

"That was you and papa, I believe," cried Charlotte, looking at her mother.

"It was, my dear; and I reckon that day among the happiest in my life."

"For what reason, mamma?"

"I will explain it to you another time, my love. Suffer me now to proceed with the history of "My Bird."

"The attachment of these young people

people was founded on the most perfect mutual esteem; but I am unfortunately unable to afford the curious reader any further account of their affairs, as I was removed to London with my young mistress a few days after that on which this rural jubilee took place, and I must now proceed to relate the adventures which befel me there.

" Miss Fitzallan, among many amiable qualities, had one fault, to which many young people are but too prone—she was heedless in the extreme. What she at one time most anxiously desired, and took the utmost pains to obtain, she would, in a few hours after possession, throw aside,

aside, or lose by her inattention. It was in this blameable manner she acted by me, when, after a very fatiguing journey, I arrived safely in town. She purchased a new and elegant cage for me, and hung it in her favourite apartment, where she visited me every hour, bringing me bits of sugar, and with a silver whistle endeavouring to teach me new notes; but, alas! this kindness was of short duration. She grew weary of the frequent repetition of her visits, and gradually ceased to feel the same delight in attending me. She next gave me in charge to her servant, with strict injunctions not to neglect me; but there is an old adage, which,

if she had attended to it, would have been infinitely to my advantage. It is this—" If you would have a thing well done, do it yourself."

" In fact, the servant had a variety of business on her hands, and want of time, more than want of inclination, was the cause of my sufferings. I was frequently obliged to drink foul water; my seed was sometimes so low, that it was painful to me to reach it; and my cage was suffered to get so dirty, that I was much incommoded by the unwholesome smell of it; and my health would in all probability have suffered, had I not shortly after been released.

" One day that my mistress was out,

out, her maid thought proper to invite a few of her friends to see her. Among these was a little froward girl, who seldom paid any attention to what was said to her, and whose presence was a restraint on these young women, who wished to talk over their own secrets without a witness, who might probably repeat what passed. Our servant accordingly desired the girl to go up into the lady's room, where she would find a beautiful bird, to which she might talk as much as she pleased, but not venture to touch. Sally heard this injunction; but no sooner beheld me, than she resolved to disobey, and immediately opening the

cage, took me in her hands, to admire every feather separately. With a violent struggle I released myself from her grasp, and made my escape out of the open window, leaving her to bewail her disobedience at leisure.

"Never shall I forget the rapturous sensations I experienced, when, for the first time in my life, I tasted the sweets of liberty, and soared aloft in air. I perched upon a tree, I flew from bough to bough, and sung the most melodious notes of joy. Imprudent that I was! I knew not the perils that awaited me. Like many other young and inconsiderate creatures, I murmured at that restraint which was for my good. I had

had been petted and indulged, till I imagined that the whole world would be alike attentive to my wants. I found my error; and, impatient at the reverse, precipitated myself into greater evils than those I had hitherto repined at. It was true, I had gained my liberty; but that was all I could boast. I had no home —no kindred, and I found no friends. I was a stranger among a numerous tribe, who considered me as an impertinent intruder, and drove me from tree to tree with unpitying rancour.

"The night came on—the piercing cold chilled my tender frame, who had been accustomed to the

shelter of a warm room, and I bitterly bewailed my indiscretion. In the eagerness of my flight, I had neglected to notice the window from which I flew; and I well knew that it would be in vain for me to attempt to regain it. I passed the night in a state of misery not to be described, nestled under a bush that grew in the garden of a mean-looking house.

"For some time I lost in sleep the sense of my misfortunes, but was roused from my slumber by a rude shock. Ah! conceive my anguish and terror, at finding myself within the death-dealing clutches of a large tabby cat! Puss would no doubt have

have made that morning an exquisite breakfast, had not Providence interfered, and sent the master of the house into the garden at that, to me, critical moment. At a word from this man, who held the animal in complete subjection, Grimalkin released me, and suffered her master to take me in his hand, while she purred round him, evidently with exultation at what she had done.

"After a short investigation, I was taken into the house, and consigned to a cage of curious construction, in an apartment which contained about a hundred birds of different species. It was not long before I learnt that my present owner was a

bird-

bird-fancier; and I was soon after fated to undergo the most exquisite tortures, as the means of teaching me a variety of tricks and graces, to which I was before a stranger, such as drawing up a bucket of water, standing on one leg with a paper gun under my wing, and twisting round my perch like a rope-dancer. These accomplishments, though they may be amusing to an inconsiderate spectator, will, I am sure, afford but little pleasure to the feeling breast, when they know the tortures which are inflicted on a tender, unresisting animal, when they hear how our delicate limbs are twisted to agony, or goaded with red-hot knitting-needles.

But

But why should I shock the susceptible mind by a minute detail of such barbarities? Already, in imagination, I perceive the eye of pity drop a tear on the page—the generous heart throb with indignation. Oh Sensibility! sweet inmate of the human breast! may thy soft dictates impress betimes the minds of my youthful readers—may they turn with disgust from every scene of cruel sport, and follow the glorious example of their blessed Redeemer in gentleness and mercy!

"It will, I trust, afford satisfaction to my reader to learn, that I was soon after relieved from such persecutions by an old maiden lady, who took

took a fancy to me, and purchased me at an exorbitant price. My joy at the exchange may be easily imagined; and I became so very tame, that, as I was a particular favourite, I was indulged with the range of the whole apartment, and suffered to peck the sugar out of her cup at breakfast. Thus, in the vicissitudes of life's changeful scene, do luxury and misery tread alternately on the heels of each other.

"The whims and caprices of this old lady would afford ample diversion to those who take delight in ridiculing the infirmities of human nature. For my own part, I think no practice so truly despicable; besides

sides which, gratitude ought to restrain those who eat of the bread and drink of the cup of their superiors, especially (as was the case with my mistress) when a good heart makes ample compensation for a number of peculiarities.

" The death of my venerable owner again consigned me to new hands, and I became the property of her niece, Mrs. Torrent, with whom I was once more subjected to every kind of ill usage that it was possible for me to bear. This lady had three children, peevish, ill-bred, and disgusting. Every visitor was tormented by their impertinence, every domestic the slave of their caprices,

and

and every dumb animal the object of their mischievous pastime. To please these little wretches, I was taken from my cage, a string was fastened to my slender leg, to which Master Tommy attached a paste-board toy, which he denominated a flying Harlequin, and the weight of which caused me extreme pain. Yet I was compelled to drag it about; and if I failed to perform my task to his satisfaction, I was urged to obedience by a needle's point. At other times Miss Sophy would spin my cage round, till I dropped from my perch, sick, giddy, and almost expiring.

"These and such tyrannical amuse-

ments

ments they were permitted by their foolishly-indulgent parents; and I should, in all probability, have been the victim of their cruelty, had I not been at last so fortunate as to make my escape.

"Again I had the wide world before me, and again was my life endangered by a rapacious bird of prey, who saw and pursued me. Exerting the utmost swiftness of which my wings were capable, I flew over hill and valley; but, notwithstanding all my speed, I must inevitably have been overtaken by my dreaded foe, had not I fortunately perceived a young lady sitting at a window, into which I immediately flew, and

sheltered myself in her bosom. Surprised and alarmed, she gave a loud shriek; but the palpitations of terror, which had before agitated my bosom, changed to rapture when I perceived my pursuer retreat in affright at the sound of her voice; and my delight was still further augmented, when I discovered, in my fair preserver, my former mistress, Eliza Fitzallan, at that time Mrs. Somers, the union of the young lovers having taken place since my flight.

" In the same apartment were assembled Fanny and her husband, with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzallan; and my happiness was complete, when,

when, after regarding me attentively for some time, Eliza declared to young Somers that I was the very bird she had brought away from the farm.

'I know him,' said she, 'by the particular formation of one of his claws, which must have received a hurt when it was first hatched; and now I have found my pretty creature, I will take care of it.'

'I think, Eliza,' said her husband, 'you had better give it to Mrs. Fitzallan. You are going back into the country, where we shall be at no loss for birds; and I think Mrs. Fitzallan will set greater store by

this than any one she might purchase.'

'Ah! you know I am a careless creature; but now I am settled, I mean to reform, I assure you. However, my sister shall have the little flutterer if she pleases.'

"I was accordingly transferred to the protection of Mrs. Fitzallan, with whom I have continued a willing and happy captive ever since, and hope with her to finish my days, which now draw very near a conclusion, being at present far advanced in years.

"Eliza was faithful to her word; she saw the error of youthful thoughtlessness,

lessness, and is now a most exemplary wife; and I have the felicity of beholding all my earliest friends happy and respected."

"A famous story, upon my word," cried Fitzallan, smiling; "I give you credit for your ingenuity, though I must own I should feel a slight inclination to turn critic, but that I wish to secure your candour for a little piece of my own writing. To-morrow evening I will begin my tale, and these darlings shall decide which is most interesting."

He then kissed his little family with fond affection, and the young ones retired to rest.

MY DOG.

MY DOG;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF ROVER.

CHAP. III.

ON the following evening, when the family were, as usual, assembled together in the parlour, Mr. Fitzallan began his promised tale as follows:—

"About twelve years ago, there was known at Boston, in North America,

America, a boy, who, from the vagrant life he led, was distinguished by the degrading appellation of Dirty Barnaby. He had been maintained by the parish, but was so deformed, and of such a disgusting appearance, that no one would take him as an apprentice, and he was obliged to earn a scanty subsistence, by performing such menial offices for the inhabitants as few others would undertake. This child of misfortune was the butt of ridicule to all the boys in the place; and the hardships and ignominy he was continually exposed to, created in his mind a sort of sullen gloom, which added

added to the unpleasantness of his rudely-formed countenance.

"The only object towards which he displayed the least show of kindness or affection, was a large dog, which followed him about wherever he went, and who patiently shared the kicks bestowed on his less-docile master, and as meekly partook with him his sorry meal of mouldy fragments.

"In the same neighbourhood was a young gentleman, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Theodore, who was as remarkable for his personal graces as poor Barnaby was for his deformity. He had often wondered

dered how such a miserable object became possessed of such a fine dog, and one day, with much affability, interrogated him on the subject.

'Pray, my lad,' said he to him, with a voice of kindness to which the boy had been little accustomed, 'what is your dog's name?'

'Rover, Sir.'

'Have you had him long?'

'Two years.'

'Was he given to you by any body in this place?'

'Do you think I stole him, Sir?'

'I hope not.'

'No, Sir, I did not; though I am poor and ugly, I thank God I am honest.'

'That's

'That's a good lad; but where did you get the dog?'

'He came to me, Sir.'

'Came to you! that is very unlikely.'

'Sir, I would not tell a lie for the world.'

'I admire your integrity; but I wish to know how you got the dog.'

'Sir, I will tell you. Some vicious boys had one day tied an old kettle to the tail of the poor animal, who, frightened and tormented, ran up and down till I thought he would go mad. Enraged at their barbarity, I stripped off my ragged jacket, and getting all the stones together I could hold, pelted the boys so stout-

ly, that most of them ran away. The cruel are always cowards, Sir; so I had not much trouble in fighting the rest. I mastered three of them, and bore the poor animal away out of their reach. When I had relieved Rover's bleeding tail, he licked my hands in gratitude. I kissed and cried over him, for I was used to being ill treated myself, Sir. Rover seemed determined not to leave me; and if it had been my last morsel, I could not have refused him the bit of meat which I had put away in paper for my supper. Well, Sir, I never found an owner for Rover; so I have kept him ever since. Many people have tried to decoy him

him away from me, and he fares badly enough, poor fellow; yet he would starve rather than he would leave me; and it makes my heart ache to see his ribs almost clinging together.'

"Theodore could not restrain his tears at this simple, touching tale. He was affected by the magnanimity and sensibility which this poor child of nature displayed, and was for some moments incapable of making any reply. At length he inquired of Barnaby whether he would sell his dog?—'I have half-a-guinea in my pocket,' said he, 'and if you will let me have Rover, it shall be yours. You may be assured also

that I will do more for you when I have the power.'

'You are a generous young gentleman, Sir,' said Barnaby, 'and I always loved you, because you looked so tender, and never joined the other boys in hooting at me. If I could do without my dog, you should have him, for I am sure he would be better off with you; but indeed, Sir, I cannot bear to part with him. I hope you will not be angry with me.'

'Angry! oh no,' replied Theodore; 'to shew you that I am not, you shall take this half-guinea, and buy a good dinner for yourself and Rover.'

'God bless you, Sir!' ejaculated Barnaby.

"It

"It was all he could say; and he turned hastily away, his eyes swimming with tears.

"The kind accents of Theodore had even a more powerful effect on him than his money. Theodore was returning home, when, at the corner of the street in which he lived, he again encountered Barnaby, who had taken a circuit round the houses, and was now hastening to meet him.

'You must have the dog, Sir,' said he, with a firm voice; 'I cannot take your money for nothing; but you must keep him close, or he will run away. However, if he should return to me, I will bring him back; and I hope you will some-

times let me just have a peep at him in the kitchen or the stable.'

'You shall see him every day,' returned Theodore, well pleased with the arrangement, as well as with the noble-minded boy, whose deformed exterior concealed such a valuable heart.

"Blush, oh ye children of vanity! at this simple truth; fly not to your looking-glasses for self-approval, nor henceforward deem ugliness incompatible with virtue.

"Barnaby retreated, casting many a longing, lingering look behind at poor Rover, who, secured by the silk handkerchief of Theodore, struggled to get free, and was reluctantly forced

forced into the house. A few days of close confinement ensued; and at last good fare, the comforts of a warm fireside, and kind treatment, reconciled him to his new master, and every inmate of the house, with whom he was soon on the most familiar terms. He was at once lord of the kitchen, and a welcome guest in the parlour. His engaging and docile manners rendered him an object of admiration to every one, and, unlike many who are suddenly exalted from indigence to prosperity, he forgot not his former benefactor, but the first time he came to the house, set up a loud bark of joy, and leaped upon him with every demonstration

stration of affection, and could with difficulty be restrained from again following the fortunes of his humble master.

"The hardships under which poor Barnaby had formerly laboured had been much ameliorated by the kind generosity of the amiable Theodore, who had taken care that he should be supplied with wholesome food, and a decent change of wearing apparel from his own cast wardrobe; and as the boy had learnt to read and write in the charity-school, and was now too old to be apprenticed to a trade, Theodore gave him a recommendation to an old friend and schoolfellow, who consented to receive

ceive him as a servant, and took him with him to England.

" We must now pass over a lapse of three years, during which Theodore attained the stature and maturity of manhood, and formed an intimacy with the family of Sir George Norbury, whose charming daughter soon engaged his affections, and in return bestowed hers on the worthy youth.

" It may not be unnecessary here to observe, that the early dissipations of the Baronet had materially impaired his fortune, to repair which he hoped to form an advantageous alliance for his daughter. As family-pride led him to shudder at the idea of

of sinking into obscurity, after having enjoyed all the notoriety of rank and affluence, he therefore no sooner discovered the attachment subsisting between the young people, than he determined to break it off, and for that purpose removed his daughter out of Theodore's reach, by taking her to England, as the parents of Theodore, though genteel, were not affluent, and he being but a younger son, could not be expected to have a very ample provision made for him. Young Fitzallan had indeed been destined for the navy, and had served four years as a midshipman; but an unexpected peace had occasioned him to be paid off, and he was now deemed

deemed an unwelcome encumbrance to his family.

"War once more opened a prospect for Theodore, and he was ordered to London by his father, to solicit an appointment at the navy-board. Accompanied by his faithful dog, he pursued his course with a light heart; and after a favourable voyage, landed in England, his native place.

"The evening was far advanced when the vessel put into port; and Theodore, impatient to proceed as far as possible on his way to town, took a postchaise immediately. His whole mind was occupied with the pleasing idea of seeing Miss Norbury

in

in London; and he had proceeded two stages before it occurred to him that he had not got his faithful Rover in the chaise with him. To go forward was now impossible—for his life he would not leave the poor animal behind in a strange country; and he accordingly procured fresh horses, in the resolution of returning, let the expence and delay cost him what it might. A heavy fog now obscured the atmosphere, and rendered it impossible to distinguish any object at the distance of a yard. The postboy declared it was a 'despart night for travelling in such a confounded hurry, and all for a stupid hound of a dog, who, if he had

any

any *nouse*, would be sure to follow him to London.' But the resolution of Fitzallan was immoveable; and with all the inconsiderate vehemence of a sailor, he swore the postboy into obedience.

"The cutting whip now smacked on the lank sides of the jaded animals, who, fatigued with a day of hard labour, and disturbed from a transient moment of repose, could scarcely drag their stiffened limbs along. Theodore every minute put his head out of the window, alternately encouraging the driver to proceed, or whistling and hallooing for the wandering fugitive.

"No Rover appeared; and the

impatience of Theodore increased, till it was suddenly checked by a violent crash, with which the chaise was precipitated down a steep bank, and Fitzallan received a contusion on his head, which, for some moments, deprived him of sensation. The postillion with difficulty extricated him from the chaise, and scratching his head, with much stoical coldness, said—'I am sure, please your honour, it was no fault of mine; you would have me drive at such an outrageous rate, though I could not see the nose on my face. I am sure too the poor *beasteses* have suffered cruelly, for their sides bleed like any thing.'

'I see

'I see my error, now it is too late, my lad,' said Theodore, with a sigh of anguish, 'and am justly punished for my thoughtless inhumanity; but repining will not repair our difficulties. What is to be done?'

'That be's the puzzle, your honour; the chaise is all to shatters, and thof I *mought* ride to ——, it would be morally impossible to your honour, in such a bleeding and scarified state. By the mass, a lucky thought has just entered my head. I seed a light in a window glimmering just now; the house cannot be far off; do you wait here with the cattle, and I will hunt it out, and

see if they are willing to do any thing for us.'

"This being instantly agreed to by Theodore, the postboy ran off, and soon returned with the pleasing intelligence, that the gentleman was welcome to what accommodation they could afford.

'And so, Sir,' added the postillion, 'if you please I will help you on, and then I can go forward with the horses.'

"Theodore, ill as he was, was touched with compassion for the poor goaded animals; and slipping a crown-piece into his hand, begged him to stop and refresh them at the next inn on the road.

"They

"They were by this time arrived at the door of a spacious and elegant mansion, where a servant waited with a light, and conducted him into a parlour superbly furnished. Theodore would have retreated.

'I must be an intruder here,' said he; 'shew me into any place more suitable to my present condition. I fear your humanity induces you to act without permission from the master of the house.'

'Indeed I do not, Sir,' replied the man; 'our Peter has been sent up to my young master with an account of your misfortune; and though he has retired for the night, being much fatigued after a long journey,

he begs you will not refuse to accept the offer of accommodation, and has ordered us to pay you every attention which your situation requires.'

'I am infinitely obliged to your master for his politeness and hospitality. May I beg to know his name?'

'Baron Montgomery, Sir.'

"Theodore put his hand in his pocket for a card; but fatigue and exertion had so completely overpowered him, that he fainted away. When he recovered, he found himself in bed. Proper styptics had been applied to his head, to stop the effusion of blood, and such cordial restoratives administered as essentially relieved him.

"The

"The young man then retired, leaving him to repose. As he took leave of him for the night, he said —'Should you want any thing, Sir, please to ring the bell; there will be a person up all night.'

'Not on my account, I hope,' said Fitzallan.

'No, Sir; my old master expired this day at two o'clock, and there is one of the domestics sitting up with the corpse, which is in the apartment below this.'

'Very well,' returned Theodore, and then wished the man a good-night.

"After passing a few unquiet hours, Fitzallan fell into a doze, from which

which he was roused by a noise, which he distinguished to be footsteps on the stairs. He imagined some one was coming to know if he wanted any thing, and he expected every moment the entrance of a servant. The steps, however, died away, and again he tried to compose himself to sleep, when he heard a repetition of the same noise, and at the same time accompanied by a sort of breathing, which seemed to pause at his door.

" A degree of superstition had, very early in life, crept into the mind of Theodore, owing to the improper management of those intrusted with the care of his infant years. He recollected

collected that the old Baron had expired that day at two o'clock; and sounding his repeater, found that it was precisely the same hour. The weak state of his body also affected his spirits; and he yielded himself up to a state of timidity, which he was unable to get the better of.

"His terror was considerably augmented by a noise which shook the room, and seemed as if part of it had given way. In a faltering voice he articulated—'Who is there?' but no answer was returned. The low breathing sound was again heard, and the next instant something of icy coldness pressed against his cheek, and a heavy weight seemed

to

to rest on his stomach. No longer master of his fears, Theodore rung the bell, violently uttering a cry of terror, which, in a few minutes, brought an old woman with a lamp into the room, and immediately, to the mingled astonishment, shame, and joy of Fitzallan, he discovered, in the object of his groundless alarm, his faithful dog!"

"Dear papa!" exclaimed Caroline, who, during the narration, had crept closer to her mother, and turned pale with apprehension, "how happy I am to hear that was all! I really thought it had been a ghost."

"My dear child," returned Fitzallan, "have not I often warned you against

against the folly of giving way to such weak fears? The possessor of a virtuous heart has no more to dread by night than by day; and though I was timid enough in the case I have related to suffer my fears to vanquish my reason, I must, in justice to myself, attribute my terror to the powerful force of early impressions. There is a passage in a favourite author, which I have often read to you, and wished you to retain it in your memory, as you may find it of infinite service to you in the events of life. It is in Sturm, whose works you have perused with so much profit and delight. That exquisitely sublime author makes this

this judicious observation:—'How much we torment ourselves by vain terrors, which have no foundation but in a disordered fancy! We might spare ourselves many fears, if we would take the trouble to examine the objects which frighten us, and seek for their natural causes. The same thing happens to us with respect to moral things. With what ardour we pursue the goods of fortune, without examining if they are worth such anxiety, or can procure us the hoped-for happiness.'

"I well remember this, papa," said Caroline; "but pray tell us now how Rover came to be in that house?"

"I will to-morrow evening, my love;

love; but it grows late—you must retire; and let me again caution you to indulge no fears of darkness or hobgoblins. There is a good God watching over to protect virtue and innocence. Pray to him when you lay down to sleep; let his blessings and mercies occupy your last thoughts, and he will suffer nothing evil to approach you. So good night, my children.

CHAP. IV.

Let it be considered, that besides as happiness is uncertain, misfortune is rarely without remedy. Time may console us, Fate may change; and he who fancies himself the most unfortunate of beings may yet become happy. GENLIS.

ON the following evening, each of the young ones being anxious to hear the sequel of Rover's adventures, Fitzallan, ever indulgent to their wishes, when bounded by propriety, resumed his narrative.

"Theodore, having enjoyed a good night's

night's rest, and satisfied in his mind as to the safety of his faithful follower, who that night reposed soundly by his bedside, was anxious to continue his journey to London as early as possible. He therefore rose before any but the menial domestics of the family were stirring, not recollecting that gratitude as well as politeness required that he should make his acknowledgments personally for the kindness he had experienced. Recollecting this in time, he sauntered listlessly from room to room, till he had the satisfaction to hear that Lord Montgomery was stirring, and requested the favour of Mr. Fitzallan to breakfast with him.

Theodore returned a polite answer, and was soon summoned to the Baron's apartment.

"The servant having announced him to his master, Theodore entered; but started back with unconcealed surprise at beholding a form with which he was well acquainted. Montgomery, though well pleased at the interview, and better prepared, had presence of mind sufficient to prevent the servant from noticing the confusion of Fitzallan; but motioning to him to retire, cordially seized the hand of his friend, and leading him to a chair, sat down beside him.

"I see your astonishment, my dear

Mr.

Mr. Fitzallan; it is too great to be repressed; yet I can read also the various doubts and conjectures which agitate your mind. Upon my word, but that other emotions at present agitate my feelings, I could laugh heartily at the portrait you now exhibit.'

"Theodore glanced at himself in an opposite mirror, and could not suppress a smile; but, in an instant, his seriousness returned, and looking round him with an air of pleasantry mingled with apprehension, he said —'How am I to unriddle this? Inform me, I beseech you, with candour, whether I am addressing Lord

Montgomery or my old friend Barnaby Shute?'

'Both, I can assure you,' replied the Baron, gaily; 'yesterday put me in possession of a title to which I was born lawful heir, and which I trust I shall never disgrace; and indeed I augur most favourably from this beginning, which has thus enabled me, in a small degree, to make a return to my earliest friend and benefactor.'

'If my heartfelt congratulation can add any thing to your satisfaction, be assured it is sincere as any feeling my heart ever experienced, and can hardly be equalled by my curiosity, great as it is, to know how these

these strange occurrences have been brought about.'

'I will satisfy you,' said the Baron; 'it is a short story, though an extraordinary one.

'The kindness of the gentleman to whom you recommended me was extended towards me in more ways than mere pecuniary advantage. Finding that I had a natural wish for improvement, he spared no pains to procure me such assistance as was requisite, and even suffered me to share the lessons which he received from masters in the various branches of education. By these means my situation became delightful, and my gratitude

gratitude to him was unbounded. I loved him equally with you, and towards both I bore the affection of a brother—so much does generosity attach the humblest dependant.

'The advantages which I reaped from the indulgence of my amiable young master, were such as I shall now most essentially derive benefit from. I no longer repined at the severity of nature, in giving me such an uncouth form; I knew how to value more justly the beauties of the mind, and eagerly sought to compensate for personal deficiencies, by every possible improvement in morals and manners. No longer considered

sidered as a servant, I became the honoured friend and companion of the generous Mowbray.

' One morning I was reading the paper to him, while at breakfast, as was my usual custom, when the surprising purport of one paragraph rendered me incapable of attending to any thing else. Read it yourself, and judge what my feelings must have been.'

" Lord Montgomery handed a paper to Theodore, in which he read these words—' If an unfortunate object, commonly known by the appellation of Barnaby Shute, is yet living, and should meet with this paragraph, let him make the earliest application

plication possible to Mr. Melvin, 46, Cockspur-street, from whom he will learn particulars of the utmost consequence, and tending, in a most particular manner, to his future establishment in life.'

'You may easily imagine,' resumed Montgomery, 'that I repaired immediately to the person mentioned in the advertisement. I found the gentleman at home, who received me with much politeness; and, as a preface to what he had to communicate, begged to know if I had any particular mark by which he could be satisfied that I was the person with whom he was authorised to hold a private conference of a most

most interesting nature. I instantly untied my cravat, and shewed him on my throat the exact representation of a bunch of purple grapes, imprinted there so correctly, that every berry was perfect.

'It is enough, Sir,' said Mr. Melvin; 'I am convinced of your identity; and now, to spare the confusion of your only existing parent, will enter into a detail of the circumstances which occasioned your being hitherto kept in ignorance that you are presumptive heir to a title and estate of no inconsiderable consequence in this country.'

'I will pass over my exclamations of surprise at this intelligence, and

content

content myself with repeating his words as exactly as my memory will permit.

'Your father, Sir, was, very early in life, married, by the persuasions of his family, to a young lady, who had very few personal charms to recommend her. Lord Montgomery had been too fondly attached to a dissipated life to become suddenly a domestic man; and feeling no strong partiality for the lady to whom he was united, after a very few weeks of self-denial, in compliance with the forms propriety dictated, returned, with heightened avidity, to his former licentious companions. Among these was a woman of infamous fame,

fame, who had, by her vile artifices, obtained such a complete ascendancy over his Lordship's inclinations, that she had power to urge or persuade him to any measure which her caprices or necessities dictated.

'After being married about three years, Lord Montgomery expressed the bitterest dissatisfaction that his lady had not yet brought him any offspring. It was the first wish of his heart to have an heir, and the only consideration which could possibly have induced him to comply with the wishes of his friends. At length the anxiously-desired event took place, and the hopes of the Earl were gratified by the birth of a male

child, which the impatient father eagerly waited to embrace. But who can speak his disgust and horror, when an infant the most deformed and hideous was put into his arms!

'Excuse me, Sir,' observed Mr. Melvin, 'that I express myself in this unqualified manner; it is the only palliative that can be offered for the subsequent culpable conduct of Lord Montgomery. The disappointed parent started with dismay at beholding an object so very different from what paternal pride had taught him to expect.

'This cannot be my child,' he exclaimed, in unconcealed rage; 'it is a trick, an imposition practised on my

my credulity. Does Lady Montgomery imagine I am thus to be deceived with impunity?'

'It was in vain that the nurse and attendants assured him the child was his. He flew from the house in a state of phrenzy not to be described. For consolation, he hastened to his vile favourite, imparted to her his cause of vexation, and intreating her advice. She heard him with malignant satisfaction; for her terror was extreme, that the fond feelings of a father would restore his affections to his lady, and alienate them from herself.

'How could you be foolish enough to imagine, Montgomery,' said she,

'that a woman so plain as your wife could have handsome children? the little ugly thing is yours, and you must do the best you can with it. The world will be very charitable in surmises, no doubt.'

'Distracted by these taunts, the Earl indignantly swore that he would perish rather than suffer such a hideous little being to call him father.

'No,' he exclaimed, 'I will never be the finger-mark of scorn and ridicule.'

'Suppose I help you out of this dilemma,' said his fair adviser, laughing: 'what I have to propose may perhaps seem hard; but if you are determined not to acknowledge the child,

child, I think my plan will be admirable.'

'Name it, dearest creature,' cried Lord Montgomery, 'and I will think you the preserver of my honour.'

'My poor maid, Lucy, was this morning unluckily, or perhaps luckily, brought to-bed of a son; it is as lovely a child as can be imagined. Now if you would have the generosity to substitute this child in the place of him you mean to abandon, a decent sum would, I doubt not, induce the mother to give him up to you, and save her from want.'

'It is an excellent thought, and shall be done,' exclaimed Montgo-

mery; 'at all events, this shall be put in execution.'

'Thus did these wicked creatures plan the most detestable of actions—the one through a false shame and fear of the world's ridicule, the other through motives of avarice and revenge; so easily does bad example and improper counsel urge the weak mind to the commission of the most terrible crimes.

'It was the error of Montgomery in his earliest youth to give himself over to bad example. At school his associates were chiefly those who delighted most in mischievous sports and idle habits; and this vicious propensity

pensity gained ground on his inclinations at maturer years, and laid the foundation for a wretched old age.

'Lord Montgomery hastened home; he bribed the nurse to be secret, and dispatched a trusty servant to Lucy, who hesitated not to give up her infant, and received the unfortunate wronged babe in its place. As soon as Lady Montgomery was able to travel, his Lordship hurried her to England, that she might never get knowledge of the transaction, leaving his base confederates to make the best of their bargain—for mistrust is ever the attendant of guilt, and those who instigate us to the commission of an improper action,

soon

soon become objects of fear and disgust, even to the most abandoned.

'No sooner was Lord Montgomery removed from Boston, than this vile woman and her companion formed other connexions; and secure of the money, the price of their villainy, abandoned the helpless infant to the charitable institution; but retribution hovered over the head of the misguided, guilty Montgomery. His lady died the victim of his neglect and harshness; and the base offspring of Lucy repaid his care with the most horrible ingratitude.

'These events have embittered the remaining days of the Earl. He finds an accusing conscience has

power

power to deaden every sense of pleasure; and, as the only means remaining of restoring peace to his wounded mind, he determined on this act of justice; he has discarded the prodigal, who abuses his generosity; he acknowledges the justice of his punishment; and in restoring you to your birthright, with ample confession of his guilt, hopes to obtain your forgiveness, and the mercy of offended Heaven.'

'You may imagine, my dear friend,' said Barnaby, 'how much my feelings were agitated by this recital, and what heartfelt gratitude glowed in my breast towards you, whose goodness had raised me from such

such indigent obscurity and ignorance to a degree of comparative respectability. I readily forgave, though I felt I could never respect, my unjust parent, and was impatient to present myself before him, that he might see I was not altogether the monster his imagination had hitherto represented me. Our meeting was particularly affecting. All my resentment was changed to pity, at the deplorable state in which I found him. His humility was extreme; and he expired in my arms, breathing the tenderest blessings on me. That moment repaid me for all I had before suffered. So sweet are the sensations of filial love! Nature has

has implanted it in our breasts in its full force. Happy, happy children are ye, who can look up to your parents with equal love and reverence! Never may you repay kindness with neglect! for even the unworthy, erring father, claims comfort, support, and pity from his own natural offspring; and Heaven will repay to the duteous child, sooner or later, the mercy he has shewn to an aged, unhappy parent.'

"Theodore congratulated his friend with sincere joy, and then made him acquainted with the particulars of his own affairs. Lord Montgomery regretted that the peculiar situation in which he was at that time

time placed, prevented his attending him to town, but begged that he would not neglect to write to him as soon as he possibly could; and further requested that he would indulge him so far as to leave Rover with him.

'I found the faithful creature,' said he, 'at the inn where you put up last. He was roaming from chamber to chamber in search of you; but he instantly recollected me, and gave every testimony of joy in his power. He willingly followed me hitherto, and no doubt traced you by his acute scent to your apartment, where he caused you such extreme alarm. The precariousness of your situation

situation will render him rather a trouble to you; and independent of my own wish, I would advise you to leave him here. You shall have him whenever you think proper to claim him.'

" Theodore gave an immediate assent, and parted from his friend and his dog with mingled pain and pleasure, happy at the events which had so recently occurred, yet anxious as to his own future destiny.

" As soon as he arrived in town, he repaired to the house of Sir George Norbury, where, to his infinite mortification, he was denied sight of her on whose account alone he had made the visit. His business at the Ad-

miralty being settled to his satisfaction, he embarked in the ship to which he was appointed, with a heavy heart. They were ordered to Jamaica on a three years' station; and there Fitzallan was so fortunate as to get promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. He was preparing to return to England with renewed hopes, when a letter from Lord Montgomery gave a final blow to all his fond expectations. It ran thus:—

'MY DEAR FRIEND,

'At a moment of extreme happiness to myself, I am under the painful necessity of communicating to

to you the melancholy intelligence of your father's death. I know that no consideration of future affluence and independence will console you for this event, nor can I attempt the language of condolence on the occasion, as Nature must take her course, and the feelings of the heart find vent, in despite of all the arguments which friendship or philosophy might suggest. In fact, I look upon plausible reasoning to be officious, and seldom more than mere commonplace civility; our friendship is too sincere to require any such varnish. I know that if any thing can turn aside the tide of grief for a revered parent, it is the information that

him you have so long honoured with your regard, is on the eve of being made the happiest of men.

'One particular circumstance in my life, I believe, I have till now omitted mentioning to you. It was this: I had once the good fortune to save from death the lovely daughter of Sir George Norbury. I was attending my master on a pleasurable excursion, when the animal Miss Norbury rode took fright, and would have plunged down a frightful precipice, had I not, by a desperate effort, impeded his progress, and received the lovely girl in my arms. From that happy moment I became a favourite in the family. With the

sweetness

sweetness peculiar to her disposition, Miss Norbury paid me the most flattering attention; and as I was no longer considered in the character of a domestic, I suffered insensibly my heart to be impressed with her merit too strongly for my peace. Yet I forgot not my own dependant situation, and forbore to drop a hint which might indicate my presumption. The late extraordinary change in my prospects has emboldened me to aspire to the hand of this amiable girl, and I was successful in my appeal to Sir George. He seems even desirous of the alliance, and his lovely daughter has consented to become mine. As your return is now expected,

pected, I shall not hasten the arrangements, that I may have the additional pleasure of your presence. I congratulate you on your recent promotion, and trust that you will not doubt my word when I say, that if money or interest can secure your further advancement, you may command to the utmost your grateful and affectionate

'MONTGOMERY.'

"Astonishment and concern took possession of Theodore's mind. He was surprised that Miss Norbury should so readily consent to marry Montgomery, and equally grieved that

that she no longer regarded him with a preference. He therefore returned an answer, in which his agitation and uneasiness could not be concealed under his feigned congratulations; and Montgomery was not long before he learned from Miss Norbury herself the particulars of his friend's attachment to that lady. She had indeed never ceased to regard him; but the care her father had taken to prevent her hearing from or seeing him, was too effectual for her to obtain any knowledge of his sentiments, and she attributed to indifference what was in fact the result of necessity. Gratitude, and the commands of a father, now induced her

to

to promise her hand to Lord Montgomery; but she candidly acknowledged to him every particular.

"Montgomery, though sensibly affected by her candour, and the knowledge that he was not the object of her regard, yet concealed his chagrin, and strove to gain her favour by the most delicate attentions.

"When Theodore arrived, he hastened, with ardent eagerness, to embrace him, and experienced the most acute anguish at perceiving the altered looks and cold manners of his once-ardent friend.

'My dear Mr. Fitzallan,' said he, affecting ignorance, 'how have I been so unfortunate as to offend you?

I have

I have been impatiently expecting your return to crown my happiness; yet you meet me with pallid cheeks and averted eyes—what can this mean?'

'Lord Montgomery,' said Theodore, sericusly, 'press me not on this subject; you have been innocently the cause of some unhappiness to me; but I bear you no enmity; and though I cannot witness your felicity, I will never cease to pray for it.'

'My dear, dear friend,' cried Montgomery, throwing himself into the arms of Theodore, 'I know all; Charlotte has told me every thing, and I have only secured her to myself, that I might have the power of

presenting her to you, as a proof that gratitude has never slept in my heart. The settlements are all drawn up; there only remains to insert your name instead of mine.'

'Generous, too-generous Montgomery!' exclaimed Theodore, 'I have not deserved this goodness.'

'Much more than ever I can have power to acknowledge,' returned Montgomery; 'you raised me from the dust to your bosom. I only have restored to you what was by right your own.'

"Theodore was overjoyed, and embraced his friend with grateful tears; and in the sweet delight of doing good to others, Montgomery established

established his own happiness. He gave the fair bride away; and in the course of a few years stood godfather to Charlotte, Caroline, and Henry, who now listen with such earnestness to my tale, and who will, I hope, be impressed by it with the amiable sentiment, that virtue, independent of personal beauty, should alone command our esteem, as the most deformed and hideous to behold may possess a heart more valuable than that enclosed within the fairest outside."

FINIS.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

THE FOLLOWING

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Are sold by every Bookseller, and are to be procured at all the Libraries in the United Kingdom.

	£	s.	d.
Early Feuds, or Fortune's Frolics, by the Author of But which? Geraldwood, Villeroy, &c. 3 vols.	0	15	0
Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle, by Charlotte Smith, new edition, 4 vols.	1	2	0
Romantic Facts, or Which is his Wife? 4 vols.	1	2	0
Evelina, by Madame D'Arblay, new edition, 2 vols.	0	8	0
Donald Monteith, the handsomest Man of the Age, by Selina Davenport, Author of the Sons of the Viscount and the Daughters of the Earl, and the Hypocrite, 5 vols.	1	5	0
Family Estate, or Lost and Won, by Mrs. Ross, Author of Modern Calypso, &c. &c. 3 vols.	0	15	0
Lady Jane's Pocket, by the Author of Silvanella, 4 vols.	1	2	0
Vaga, or a View of Nature, by Mrs. Peck, 2nd edition, 3 vols.	0	18	0
Discontented Man, by A. F. Holstein, 3 vols.	0	16	6
Duncan and Peggy, a Scottish Tale, by Mrs. Helme, new edition, 3 vols.	0	15	0
Barozzi, or the Venetian Sorceress, a Romance, by Mrs. Smith, Author of the Caledonian Bandit, &c. 2 vols.	0	10	6
Border Chieftains, by Miss Houghton, 2nd edit. 3 vols.	0	18	0
Celebrity, by Mrs. Pilkington, 3 vols.	0	15	0
Theresa, or the Wizard's Fate, 4 vols.	1	2	0
Dangerous Secrets, a Scottish Tale, 2 vols.	0	10	6
Baron of Falconberg, or Childe Harolde in Prose, by Bridget Bluemantle, 3 vol.	0	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Treachery, or the Grave of Antoinette, a Romance, by L. S. Stanhope, Author of the Bandit's Bride, &c. 4 vols.	1	2	0
Miseries and Pleasures of Matrimony, or the First Husband and the Second, 4 vols.	1	4	0
Walter de Moubary, an Historical Romance, by Kramer, 2nd edition, 4 vols.	1	0	0
A Father as He should be, by Mrs. Hofland, 4 vols.	1	4	0
The Bachelor's Journal, inscribed to the Girls of England, 2 vols.	0	10	6
Popularity, or the Votary of Wealth, by a Miser, 3 vols.	0	15	0
Spanish Campaign, or the Jew, by Mrs. Meeke, 3 vols.	0	18	0
Children of the Abbey, by R. M. Roche, 7th edition, 4 vols.	1	4	0
Paired—not Matched; or Matrimony in the 19th Century, by Mrs. Ross, 4 vols.	1	0	0
Secret Avengers, or the Rock of Glotzden, by Anne of Swansea, 4 vols.	1	4	0
Novice, or the Heir of Montgomery Castle, by Matthew Moral, Esq. 3 vols.	0	16	6
Ballad Singer, by Mrs. Edgeworth, 4 vols.	1	0	0
Montreithe, or the Peer of Scotland, 4 vols.	1	2	0
Suspicion, or the Benevolent Recluse, by Lady ———, 2 vols.	0	10	0
Hypocrite, or the Modern Janus, 5 vols.	1	5	0
Bachelor's Miseries, by an Old Maid of Distinction, 4 vols.	1	4	0
Carthusian Friar, or the Mysteries of Montanville, 4 vol.	1	2	0
Visit to London, or Emily and her Friends, by Mrs. Hofland, 4 vols.	1	4	0
Prison House, or the World we Live in, by Mrs. Bridget Bluemantle, 4 vols.	1	2	0
Scotchwoman, by A. F. Holstein, 3 vols.	0	15	0

FOR THE

Instruction and Amusement of Youth,

And to be had of every Bookseller and Stationer in the United Kingdom.

	s.	d.
Abelard and Eloise, new edition, elegant plates ..	4	0
Adams' Popular Moral Tales, elegant plates.....	2	6
Affectionate Brothers, by Mrs. Hofland, 2 vol. plates	5	0
Biography of a Spaniel, new edition.....	1	6
Brookes's Gazetteer, new edition, 18mo.	4	6
Castle of Otranto, by Lord Orford, 12 engravings..	4	0
Chapone's Letters on the Mind	1	3
Death of Abel.....	2	0
Economy of Human Life, red sheep	1	3
English Hermit, elegant plates.....	2	6
——— Minstrel, a Selection of Songs to Music, plates	3	0
Elizabeth, or the Exile of Siberia, elegant plates ..	3	0
Evans's Parnassian Garland..... ditto.....	2	6
——— Prosaic Garland ..... ditto.....	2	6
——— Flowers of Genuine Poetry .. ditto.....	2	6
Fashionable Letter Writer ..... ditto.....	2	6
Gay's Fables, red sheep	1	3
Hervey's Meditations and Contemplations, new edition, plates	3	6
History of Susan Gray, by a Clergyman	1	6
Hofland's (Mrs.) Clergyman's Widow, new edition	4	0
——————— Merchant's Widow	4	0
——————— Panorama of Europe.....	4	0
——————— Sisters, a Domestic Tale.....	4	0
Horwood's (Miss) Original Poetry for Children ..	2	0
Improving Tales for Youth, ditto	1	6
Johnson's Diamond Dictionary (smallest ever printed)	3	6
Maclee's New, Complete, and Universal System of Natural History, embellished with 400 engravings	4	6

	s.	d.
Mason on Self-Knowledge, elegant plates	2	6
Moral Tales, in Prose and Verse, 4 vol. 16 plates	10	0

Any Volume separate at 2s. 6d.

My Bird and my Dog, a Tale for Youth, new edit.	1	6
Minor Morals, by Charlotte Smith, 2 vol. plates	5	0
Passions of Lebrun, illustrated with 19 plates	3	6
Pilgrim's Progress, with Notes by Masson, new ed.	3	6
Poetical Beauties	2	6
Rowe's Devout Exercises, red sheep	1	3
Scottish Minstrel, a Selection of Songs to Music	2	6
The Instructor, or Young Man's best Companion, being a Collection of Simple Treatises on the various Branches of Education	5	6
The Soul of Harmony	3	0
Wisdom in Miniature, red sheep	1	3

Elegant coloured Plates, sewed in Fancy Paper.

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves	1	6
Adventures of the Fortunate Woman	1	6
Cobler and his Scolding Wife	1	6
Gulliver's Travels	1	6
Jack Daw "At Home;" or the Rout of the Birds that were not invited by the Peacock	1	6
Jack the Giant Killer	1	6
Lion's Parliament, or the Beasts in Debate	1	6
Madame Grimalkin's Party, or the Cat's Concert	1	6
Sam and his Gun	1	6
Seven Champions of Christendom	1	6
The House that Jack built	1	6
Twelve Labours of Hercules	1	6
Valentine and Orson	1	6
Each of the above, with plain plates	1	0
History of Tabby, a Favourite Cat, as related by herself to her Kittens, 3 coloured plates	1	0
Pomona's Frolic, or the Grand Jubilee of the Animated Fruit. 2 parts, 12 coloured plates	2	0
Voyages of Columbus, 3 parts, 12 coloured plates	1	6